

LOCAL ITEMS

About Our Town and Its People

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Woods of Ionia, old friends of D. C. Crawford, visited at the Crawford home last week.

Mrs. J. M. Thomas is entertaining her little grandson, Richard Bunce, of Vestaburg for a couple of weeks.

Frank Peckens returned to Lansing Monday after spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Brown and calling on other Belding friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Thompson entertained his brother, Lt. Gen. Thompson of Camp Gordon, Ga., and their mother, Mrs. C. A. Underhill and Carl Clark of Rockford, Mich., Wednesday.

Mrs. Lena Bauman spent the week end at the M. Urch home and while here called on other old friends and went to Detroit Saturday to live.

Mrs. Emma Wright spent Sunday with friends at Harvard, returning Monday.

Mrs. Jake Kellar and son, Milton of Harvard was a week end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Stackus returned home from Lansing Saturday where they visited relatives the past two weeks.

Willis Wood has gone to live with his daughter, Mrs. Al. Webber.

Mr. and Mrs. Somner have purchased the Wilbur Wood property and are moving there.

Leonard Wood of Ionia spent a few days with his father and other relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McNaughton of Lansing visited relatives here Sunday.

Mrs. Carpenter of Weidman came to live with her daughter, Miss Maud Hurd this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Furnia and daughters, Mrs. John J. Ryan and Mrs. M. E. Shaw of Santa Anna, Cal., and Miss Anna Casura of Detroit, were guests last week of Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Olmstead and also the Mills family.

Miss June Jeffs left here for Flint Tuesday afternoon where she will make her future home.

Miss Wilma Eickenroth returned to her home in Chadwick Tuesday morning, after having visited here for a time.

Miss Cecil Sweet went to Ionia Tuesday noon to visit relatives and friends for a time.

Mrs. Will DeVilger returned this morning from a short trip to Grand Rapids.

Quite a good many local people are taking in the Grand Rapids fair this week.

Complete stock of fence posts at the Belding Lumber Co.—Adv.

Meet with Mrs. Fred Summerfeldt on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 26. Red Cross work will be done in the afternoon and a picnic supper will be held at evening.

Mrs. J. E. Taylor spent Sunday in Lansing with her son and also to shake hands with friends of former days.

Mr. Connor was formerly in the building business here, leaving here about 40 years ago.

The Ladies' Social Circle will meet with Mrs. E. B. Lapham on Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 25 with a Hooverized Bohemian lunch. All ladies interested in the work of the church and society cordially invited.

Don and Fred Bailey are in Grand Rapids this week taking in the fair.

Complete stock of fence posts at the Belding Lumber Co.—Adv.

The Southwest Eureka Aid will last night I sat up pretty late indulging in a lot of hate. I hated all our Teuton foes, their heathen whippers and their toes; I hated Hindenburg and Bill, and Ludendorff with right good will. From 10 o'clock till half past 11, I hated every beastly Hun, and hoped his name might yet be mud; I ground my teeth and sweated blood. And so today I'm feeling punk; there's lassitude throughout my trunk; my head aches in a horrid way. I have no appetite for hay; a shooting pain is in my lung, and I have moss upon my tongue, the gripes disturb my ample waist, my mouth is full of dark green taste. I don't suppose I maimed a foe by hating

and despondent. Contentment comes with good digestion. Mi-o-na tablets solve the problem or your money refunded. Sold by Wortley & French.—Advertisement.

half the night or so; I don't suppose a Teuton knew that I was hating, long hours through. And so I realize today that all my hate was thrown away, alas to waste a hundred weight of all wool and a yard wide hate! The Teutons have for many years been soaked in hatred to their cars; they've lapped up hatred from their birth; to fatten them, increase their girth; their kultur has it for a base, it thrives in every Prussian place. So they can hate the hours away and not be crumpled up next day. But hatred here seems coarse and rude, for kindness was our infant food; it makes billions sick and sore, has become a dreary bore.

Wortley & French, the well-known druggists, have a special proposition for anyone who is suffering with rheumatism. Ask about the Rheuma plan.—Advertisement.

The Coal Situation.

The coal movement is a subject in which special interest will be felt just now. At present strenuous efforts are being made to speed it up so as to preclude the recurrence of last winter's distressing experience.

The figures for the six months ending with July show an increase of nearly 22,000,000 tons over the movement for the corresponding period last year, which was the largest on record up to that time.

It is asserted that the energies of the railroad administration are now being largely devoted to moving the coal mined as rapidly as the fuel administration can deliver it, and that of late the coal mines have been supplied with cars more rapidly than they have been able to load them, so that there is no longer any doubt that the transportation for the fuel requirements of the nation is available provided the real production during the warm weather can be maintained so as to employ the cars requisitioned.

Mr. McCauley adds that, "at present this is not the case," and that emphasis is placed on this point because the country has been led to believe that the coal production is limited entirely by transportation and any shortage is attributed to the railways." He claims that "The Federal railroad system is and has been for some weeks past in a position to handle more coal than has been produced, and any shortage during the coming winter will not, it is hoped, be properly chargeable to the lack of transportation."

Fireman Harnden Dies.

The wreck at Smyrna Monday afternoon, Sept. 9, took its second life Saturday afternoon, September 14, when Fireman Clair Harnden, 31 years of age followed his engineer, James Robertson, in death. Robert's son's condition when taken to the hospital was practically hopeless from the outset, but Harnden gave signs of having good chances for recovery. However, his broken left arm developed indications of gangrene and it was amputated close to the armpit. His condition became worse and he died Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock. His remains were taken to the Miller & Harris undertaking rooms and prepared for burial. They were taken to Grand Rapids Sunday afternoon and from there shipped to Detroit, where the funeral will be held. He leaves besides his widow, two children, two and four years of age.

Advertised Letters.

John Emery.
Wil Gault.
Wm. E. Rector.
Mrs. Burt Collier.
Mrs. Mary Oliver.
Mrs. George Sheldon.
Miss Beulah Wirtman.
Sept. 16, 1918.

W. F. Bricker, P. M.

Read the Want Ads. Profit thereby.

Saturday Specials

1-2 lb Salted Peanuts 10c

LADIES HOSE

Slight Seconds in Cooper Wells & Co., Iron Clad Hose. Black and White Regular 50c grade

per pair 29c

4 pairs \$1.00

PATTERSON'S

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FROM LINOTYPE KEY
BOARD TO M. G. TRIGGER

(Continued From Page One.)

other engaged in seeing that this fighter and his fellows got over safely.

Richmond's letter is as follows:

Hoboken, N. J., Sept. 7, 1918.

Dear Mother and All:

Just received your letter today, also one from Day, Aunt Ethel and a card from Nevada. Was surprised to hear Day had left for Chester. He must have a little favor to ask and I have charge of so many men. I would write him if I knew his address but will wait until I get it. I had a fellow from Belding that was going over this time, Frank Sears. Leo knows him. His mother lives in Belding. I think Aunt Ethel knows her as she is an officer in the same lodge, the Hoboken lodge. I believe she has been down to Texas part of the summer. I told him if I got a furlough I would see his mother and tell her he was safe from the Hun and somewhere in France getting further training by French officers. On the way back I ran across a fellow who was Henry Price's bookkeeper and was a form builder on the dam job there at Smyrna. He is now Lieut. Wendell, a detail of officers were sent back here to train and help at the camps in preparing the boys for foreign service. He was one of them.

On our way back we had over 100 wounded and sick soldiers with us. Besides 18 French Catholic nuns. They were sick the other day and I guess part of them had their hands full taking care of the others. We only had two days of rough weather out of the 21 of our trip. It was the best one we have made yet. I am glad Julia has made so good a chance and hope she will take advantage of it. It would certainly be a nice trip for her and I know she will make good and you could spare her now that half of us are away.

Say, but time flies fast; this last trip was like a dream to me and I can hardly believe it is now September and soon I'll be celebrating my first year's enlistment.

I have put in for a transfer to get with Fred. I won't know until the 1st of October as that is the next quarter or the last one of the year. We again have rumors of a furlough but not more than 5 days and at that I would not have time to get a night's rest while on leave but if I can get a couple days' travel time I may see you all soon.

I hope you get the crops cared for all right. You probably have the beans pulled by now. Wish I could get 30 days' leave so to help out a little. Have been wondering if Fred won't get a leave about the same time that I figure to.

Hoping this finds all well, I am as ever, your son and brother,

Adelbert Richmond.

1st Div. 2nd Sec. U. S. S. America, care Postmaster New York City, N. Y.

Ben Longan, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Hamman, who enlisted in the M. N. G. last year is another one of the local boys who has recently gone over the top in France and he writes the following interesting letter to his grandparents:

August 1, 1918.

Dear Ones at Home:

Well, here I am after another trick in the trenches or rather in the woods for we have them on the run, all o. k., but this is a very different sector than what we were in before for they shoot right at you here and lots of times they make good shots.

I have seen all the fellows from B. and all are o. k. except Spencer S., who is in the hospital now slightly shell shocked but do not worry for a little rest will bring him on his feet again. I had some pretty close ones myself but a miss is as good as a mile.

I got 16 letters the other day and as I am unable to answer all you will have to divide this between yourself, Aunt, Bill and Abe, only tell Bill not to be so solemn the next time he don't have a censor like I do.

My pard now is B. Burch from Orleans; he is sick today but I guess it is because of the water. We have to drink for it is scarce and what there is the Huns poison on their retreat.

Say, talking about bombardment, I have heard some and been in one real barrage and I mean a fellow begins to look for a shell hole which are numerous, and straight goods, some are 12 feet deep and 25 to 30 across, so you can imagine some explosion, and say gas why we are getting so used to it we eat mustard gas on our meat.

Don't worry about me getting tobacco any more for it is a government issue now as we are no place where we can buy it. Why I haven't seen a civilian for two weeks.

Say, I never got that registered letter yet; it may come later or else a submarine got it.

Tell Mrs. Smith she need not worry about Spence as it is nothing serious. Must close for this time, with love to all and think I will be with you soon.

Ben Longan.

Another letter is from Alvin Davis, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Davis and is as follows:

Fort Foote, Md., Aug. 29, 1918.

Dear Mother and Dad:

Well, here goes for a few lines. How are all the people in Belding? Well, the captain told us tonight that Monday we would go to Washington Barracks to stay over night and then go to Annapolis. We are going to ride from Washington to Annapolis and it surprised us because always before they made them walk it. I guess they are going to shove us through pretty fast. We go on the rifle range at Annapolis. Yesterday afternoon a couple of fellows and I went to Mount Vernon. It is a beautiful place. It is down the river from here. We took the boat across to Alexandria and then took the interurban from there. They charge 25 cents to go through but let us through for nothing. There is a butler's house, carpenter's and spring house separate from the main house. I went through the kitchen and saw the different kind of dishes they used. There are quite a few bedrooms in the house. I saw the room in which Washington and his wife died. All the furniture is very nice and came from London. In one of the rooms is a rug which was given to Washington by Louis XVI of France. It has

the American emblem woven in the center of it. There is a music cabinet with an old organ and flute in it. There are some swords Washington gave to his nephew when he died and they were not to be unshathed unless in defense of his country. They are old looking all right; wish you could see it all, it must have been a swell home in those days. Then out in the barn is the old stage coach. It is a thing of the past all right. The plantation consisted of five thousand acres. We then went to the vault where Washington and his wife are buried. The grounds are kept up good.

I received the sweater and helmet all right. It was awful good in Mrs. Boyer to knit them for me. I had my picture taken as you wanted me to and will send it next week. Use the same address until I tell you differently.

Good night, your son, Alvin.

Roy Luno, a brother of Everett Luno, formerly of this place, writes the following cheerful letter to his brother in Grand Rapids. Luno is so full of pieces of shells that he is afraid to get near a magnet from now on. His letter follows:

Aug. 1, 1918.

Dear Brother:

Well, old man, I am o. k. again and feeling good, only a little weak at times. My wounds are all healed up and I will be back in the front lines soon. I've got a piece of shell as big as a robin's egg in my head that they can't get out. Some souvenir, eh? One piece in left shoulder, one in the right thigh, one in left hip and three little ones in my right arm. Take it from me if I ever get near a magnet it is good night nurse. My pal, Kelly, was bumped off with gas. Hard luck.

I wish I could get some mail from home, but it doesn't seem to reach me. I get moved around so much. I just met an old friend from Grand Rapids. He is a lieutenant in the quartermaster's department. Leo Johnson, remember him? I put a bullet through a nice fat German and enjoyed the sensation, and had the pleasure of throwing a couple of grenades into a bunch of them, but I didn't stick around long enough to see how many went where they belong.

Must quit, so good bye. I'll get home all right again if I don't get killed. I've come so close to it so many times that I wouldn't be surprised to see St. Peter at the gate any day. Your brother,

Roy Luno.

Sergt. Wilbur E. Smith writes the following from where he is located in France. Sergt. Smith was one of the first local men to enlist and soon came back here recruiting men for the army.

Bon Jour, Mon Cher Ami: or Hello My Dear Friends:

Everyone has ideas regarding the great European war. Mine are, that "War is hell." If you were here, you would readily agree with me. I am glad to think as I do, although I am by no means a "Peace barometer."

I am bound to think this war will end in less than 12 months. We have the huns on the run on all sides. He was a long time preparing this war, and now he is completely swamped, and I think maybe his people are getting a little hungry and uneasy. It certainly seems like they would be.

Our American soldiers are just simply wonderful and there is not an army that has anything on us. I know by what I have seen and the huns know it, too. They would like to quit now, but the kaiser says, fight on, and they dare not disobey him, and so the war goes on.

The kaiser has an awful scrape to get out of after this war, I think of only one way out for him, and that is by death and that will be easy on him. He should be made to suffer daily and hourly for 40 years, I think it must have taken him that long to get ready for this war.

The people back home cannot do too much for these boys over here. It is just simply wonderful the way the Americans have conducted themselves, against the huns. The huns a few months ago laughed and made fun of us, today they make certain, that they out-number us before the fight us. If it is even numbers, they either run or kill as many of us as they can, and then exclaim "Kamerad" and kamerad is the word for us to cut loose at them.

I would love to tell you a whole lot more but we are not allowed to, so you must wait and be patient until after the war, then we can tell you dear ones at home all about it, and a lot of things about it which will cause you to ask us to please stop.

You do not know what the huns have done here in France. In the beautiful and peaceful little villages and beautiful cities, they have laid them flat, and laid the country waste, and still they say "God is With Them," and they fight on.

If I am not mistaken the time is not far off when they will see how far apart they and God are. But then, it will be too late for them to save themselves. "Germany is doomed," and I honestly believe they now realize it. If not the Yanks will bring the realization to them soon.

The boys from around home are all O. K. I see Lyle Madden, Lee Holcomb, Clellie Van Horn, Floyd Piereson, Mike Morgan and William Hughes most every day, they are in my company.

If I can help anyone at home to locate a relative or friends over here, I would be glad to do so. And if they at home want to help their dear and loved ones over here, just write and write often. A letter from home is far dearer than money; we have not much use for money unless it is to buy souvenirs with.

Now I think I have said e-nuff for this time so here is love and good luck to you dear ones at home and hell to the kaiser over here.

Sergeant Wilbur E. Smith.

Other letters handed in are from Ralph and Elton (Jerry) Gerrard, grandsons of John Reynolds of this city. They are as follows:

August 8, 1918.

Dear Mother:

I got your letter last night and was surprised to get any mail at all here as we have been giving the huns one of the hardest runs they have had since Verdun. I suppose you have got the particulars from the papers before this. We got a Detroit paper last night and there was an item in it about the 3rd division being on Ger-

man soil and we were the first division to be there.

We were at a position here for a while. The Germans left their position and started to run. We didn't catch up with the main mass of their army for 20 miles. I guess that was some run. We were away from the supply base and for a couple of days our eats were pretty thin; the Germans destroyed the railroads as they retreated and everything had to be brought up on trucks until the roads could be fixed again.

I will have been in active service six months the last of this month. It doesn't seem that long since we left New York, but the time goes fast here where you are busy all the time. Sometimes for a couple of weeks we lose track of the days, Sundays is just the same as any other day; it seems as though the huns pick out that day to do their fighting. Sometimes Sunday goes by and we never know anything about it until the middle of the next week.

I saw three Germans that the boys got early this morning in a raid; they were pretty scared looking fellows. I think they didn't know what was going to happen to them, one was lame, I suppose he had stopped a ball with his leg at some time or other.

There are lots of things I'd like to tell you but the censor wouldn't pass it through so I'll have to wait until I get home and from the way that the Germans are being pushed on all sectors I don't think this old war is going to hold out for very many months more. The prisoners that are brought in say that the huns are tired of the war and want peace. The ones I have seen are pretty sick look-

ing lads some act over 16 years old, just mere boys.

Well, I guess I'll quit and see if I can get a little sleep if the huns don't get shelling us so I can't sleep. I haven't had much sleep for a couple of nights now. As ever your son, Elton F. Gerred.

France, August 6, 1918.

Dear Mother:

Well, we are moving just now. I am driving a truck now and will see more or less of the country as we pass through. We cannot use lights at night. It's a bad job driving. The roads are always muddy and slippery. Elton was near here two weeks ago, but left before we came. Goodbye, Ralph E. Gerred.

Earle Davis writes the following letter to his mother, Mrs. Blanche Seeley. Earl is stationed at the Great Lakes naval training station: Great Lakes, Ill., Sept. 11, 1918.

Dear Mother:

Here I am at a new camp. This is where we get our real drilling and we have to have a clean suit every day so we will be busy most of the time, as everything has to be just so here. We had to pay to get our washing done at Camp Decatur, but we do it ourselves here.

My chum is on mess detail now, and I expect to be next week for we all

have to take our turn at it.